

Come Close

by Agent South

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Summary: Simmons is Depressed, Grif doesn't know what to do... My first RvB fic so be nice! Slash!

Come Close

Title: Come Close

Author: Kinata Rin

Fandom: Red vs Blue

Paring(s): Grif/Simmons

Rating: PG (Romance/Language)

Summary: Simmons is depressedâ€|Grif doesn't know what to doâ€|

Disclaimers: Woot! RvB belongs to the glorious geniuses at Rooster Teeth (I love you!) soâ€| yeahâ€|

Author's Note: I want to thank the guitarist of Six Feet from Nothing (Dallas local band) for letting me borrow season 1 and 2 of RvB and rooting this obsession! Other than that, this is my first real RvB fic to be posted!  
Yay!

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\*\*Come  
Close\*\*  
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A whimper and a slight growl emerged from the bathroom. Grif sighed and looked at the clock. It was three in the fucking morning. The

brunette growled and sat up. He didn't need to even think about, he already knew who it was. Grif stood up and rubbed his eyes. The crying was getting louder.

"Dammit!" Grif mumbled to himself. He knew the crying wouldn't stop unless someone stopped it. He pulled a shirt over his head and began walking out of his room and in the direction of the bathroom. As soon as he opened the door he regretted it. A bar of soap flew at his head.

"Get the fuck out!" The red head yelled. Grif growled and rubbed the spot where the soap had hit.

"No." He said calmly. Simmons shot him a death glare. This didn't phase the brunette. "What happened now?" Simmons looked away. Grif sighed.

"Go away Grif, I don't wanna talk to you." The red head replied. Tears came running down in long streams. Grif couldn't help but feel bad. He sighed and walked nearer to Simmons. This caused the red head to push Grif back and run out of the bathroom. Grif looked down and stood there for a moment.

After about ten minutes of leaving Simmons alone and waiting outside the maroon soldier's room, Grif was about to break down from listening to his friend's cries. He sighed and knocked on the door.

"Simmons, please let me in." Grif said. The crying got louder.

"Go away!" Simmons screamed. Grif closed his eyes tight to stop himself from breaking. He opened the door and stepped in. "Go away!"

"Please, don't do this! I can't stand to see you like this." Grif said, his voice shaking. He was on the verge of crying. This caused Simmons' cries to quiet down a bit. The red head sat up. Grif took this as a good sign and sat down next to his friend. Simmons leaned his head on Grif's shoulder. "You can tell me what's wrong? That's what I'm here for, right?" Simmons looked up into the Orange soldier's eyes.

"I!" Was all he managed to get out. Grif smiled softly and pulled the red head into his arms. Simmons sighed and held tighter to Grif.

"I don't want to see you sad!" The brunette said softly. Simmons looked up.

"Why? why do you only act like this when we're alone?" He asked, his voice soft and tear strained. Grif looked away.

"You know I don't mean to act the way I do when we're around the others! I don't like to show my true emotions! I'm weird like that." He said. Simmons had stopped crying finally and tilted his head to the side. Grif blinked. "You ok?"

"Yeah!" Simmons replied. "I just!"

"Why were you crying?" Grif asked. Simmons looked away. "It's ok, you

can tell me."

"Iâ€¦ I think I'm in loveâ€¦" The red head replied with a blush. Grif blinked.

"That's good, but why would you cry about that?" He asked. Simmons closed his eyes tightly and tried to stop himself from crying again.

"Because!" He exclaimed. "I'm in love with someone I shouldn't be in love with!" He cried. "You shouldn't be here! You shouldn't!" Simmons cried louder and pushed Grif back. "I can't!"

"Simmons!" Grif took a hold of the red head and forced him to look into his eyes. "Love isn't wrong! No matter who it is!" Simmons stared at him. "Even if you think that the person will reject you, what if your wrong?" Simmons looked down.

"It's youâ€¦" He said softly. Grif blinked for a moment. Simmons looked up into his eyes. "I'm in love with you! That's why it's wrong!" Tears formed up again. Grif only smiled causing Simmons to blink.

"Then it's not wrong." He said as he leaned down and kissed the red head softly. For a moment Simmons did nothing, then he sighed and wrapped his arms around Grif. He moaned slightly and whimpered as Grif separated from him. "See how hard was that to say?" Simmons blinked and pushed him off the bed. "Hey! Is that any way to treat the guy you love!" Simmons giggled and helped the brunette up. Grif smiled back and crawled into bed with his new lover. It didn't take long for them to fall asleep.

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Yay! Woot! Wee! Ok I'll stopâ€¦ it was short but sweet! I hope you RvB slash fan girls liked it. This was my second attempt at a Grif/Simmons slash, the first sucked horribly! I was listening to Saosin the whole time I was writing this, that's were I got the title. Also this is a reference to the whole 'Simmons like to go in the bathroom, cry and punch the mirror' thing. I left out the punching of the mirror, too dramatic. XD Hope you enjoyed! Review and I shall write another, possibly sexy, RvB ficâ€¦ Tell me your preference of couples and I shall try to please you! Love ya!

End  
file.